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The Rape of the Fourth Estate

►CANADIAN newspapers may differ on small matters like foreign policy and provincial rights, but they speak with one voice when the public interest is in grave jeopardy. Occasionally a threat to our common humanity so monstrous as to make national boundaries insignificant even leads to unanimity with the American press. This happened recently when the pulp and paper industry announced an increase in the price of newsprint, a piece of villainy that might have escaped public notice were it not for the eternal vigilance of a free press. The editors' spirited protest was made all the more effective by their previous restraint in commenting on increases in advertising rates and the disappearance of the three-cent newspaper, part of their habitual eschewal of the cheap popularity that comes with opposing every will-o'-the-wisp rise in the cost of living.

Their comment on the price boost brought to light an earnest concern about the dangers of monopolies, the delicate state of Canadian-U.S. relations, and the depletion of our forest resources that the patient editors must have been storing up for years. The partiality they expressed for government investigation and control should dispel for once and for all the leftist myth that our press is conservative and reactionary. When Messrs. Coldwell and Donald MacDonald got around to stating their opinions on the newsprint plot they seemed but pale echoes of the virile editorial voices.

The first intimation of the newsprint plot came in early October when Sir Eric Bowater, whose position as chairman of one of the world's largest paper companies gives him a head-start as a prognosticator, predicted in New York that the price of newsprint would rise "in the foreseeable future". The *Fredericton Gleaner* expressed in its own direct way the reaction that was to be repeated in more portentous prose by the big-city dailies: "The newsprint manufacturers are making record profits . . . A fine time to talk about a price increase." Mr. Emil Castonguay, president of the Canadian Daily Newspaper Publishers' Association, uttered the word that was to ring across a continent when he said that a price increase would be "unjustified." Undaunted by the power of an aroused press, six Canadian newsprint companies, none of them candidates for public office, announced — at decent intervals — increases of from three to five dollars a ton.

The press saw in the price increase that terrible hairy cousin of their own respectable profit motive — the monster yclept greed. As the *Ottawa Journal* succinctly put it: "No reason, no excuse, except greed." The papers all pointed out

that the newsprint manufacturers were making the highest profits in their history; editorials bristled with eight-digit figures. As spokesmen for welfare capitalism the editors made a distinction between profit that was really needed and the profit beyond this profit that was "charging all the traffic will bear." The *Peterborough Examiner* argued that the increase was not justified "unless the manufacturers of newsprint show that they are suffering under the present price." The editors wisely avoided confusing their readers with peripheral complexities such as the problem of rationing newsprint, although some mention was made of the "gray market" in newsprint in the United States wherein the price was as high \$50 a ton above the official market price.

The disastrous effects of the price rise were faced squarely by the press. Without equivocation the *Ottawa Journal* warned of the "danger that the industry will kill the goose that lays the golden egg, dry up newsprint consumption, lessen or destroy one of Canada's greatest exports." The *Journal* also foresaw that by allowing the price increase "we shall have struck a perhaps irreparable blow at our already critical trade relations with the United States". The threat to the newspapers themselves, already weakened by their advertisers' gluttonous demand for space, was not glossed over. The *Toronto Telegram* stated: "Economic difficulties of newspaper publishing, in which the cost of newsprint is a major item, are reflected in the disappearance of newspapers in recent years and amalgamations of others." "The ultimate costs," the *Telegram* said, "will be borne by the Canadian consumer. It will have to be passed on by the publishers to the advertisers, and in turn to the consumers." The reader

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Current Comment

Planning Suburbia

Since the National Housing Act of 1954 came into effect on July 1 of last year, the number of new houses started each month has mounted steadily to new record levels. In 1954, some 113,000 houses were started, and it now appears that the 1955 total will be 125,000 or more — a quite unprecedented rate of building.

No doubt one factor has been the almost unbroken rise in personal incomes, coupled with the relative stability of construction costs. But it seems beyond question that the Housing Act itself has been a significant factor. The major innovation of the Act was the inclusion of the chartered banks among the "approved lenders." The importance of this change can be judged by the fact that the banks have so far supplied about \$250 millions in NHA mortgages, which is between 40 per cent and 50 per cent of the total amount of loans under the insured mortgage scheme. Would the money have come from the other big institutional lenders — mainly the life insurance companies — if it had not been made available from the savings deposits of the banks?

The bringing-in of the banks was of course not the only important change made in 1954. The repayment period was extended from 20 to 25 years, which made possible a significant reduction in down-payment requirements. Interest rates, however, were not reduced during the first eight months of the Act; in fact they were slightly higher until last February. It may be surmised that the much greater availability of money, coupled with the smaller cash payment required of home-buyers, was the chief stimulus to the exceptional rate of home construction which we have since experienced.

The Government unquestionably deserves credit for the fruitful results of its legislation. The bold innovations of the Housing Act have paid off handsomely in terms of the number of new houses which have been made available. But there is a danger that the results will be judged *purely* in terms of numbers, and not with regard to the community aspects of good housing.

On this score the results of the current building boom are far from impressive. Most of the mushrooming areas of population growth are vast untidy places, all too clearly the results of a helter-skelter rush to find cheaper land. "Big city sprawl" is a national disease — as common in the towns and villages as in the metropolitan areas — which will leave its pockmarks on the landscape for generations. Little or no thought is given to the provision of adequate public facilities, or even to the setting aside of land for future playgrounds, curling rinks and municipal auditoriums. Canadians are all too prone to think of housing simply in terms of the narrow limits of their own individual lots, and to disregard the relationship of the home to the community. New Canadians, who are better equipped to take a fresh look at the physical aspects of our society, are dismayed by the lack of fine public buildings and by the inadequate state of our recreational and cultural facilities.

One of the most important requirements of a good housing policy, now that the extreme physical shortage has been overcome, should be a greater concentration on community planning. Some steps have already been taken, especially through the combined efforts of progressive municipalities and large-scale subdividers. But a stronger lead could be taken by Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation in

consulting with, advising, and encouraging municipalities to develop adequate local zoning plans. The provincial governments ought also to assist in the development of more effective community planning through their Departments of Municipal Affairs. The emphasis should be placed on positive economic incentives to cooperative municipalities, rather than on passive and permissive supervision of local developments.

Perhaps it is time for a conference of Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, the provinces and the municipalities to devise a broad frontal attack on the problem of inadequate community planning. One obvious item for the agenda would be the development of effective methods for undermining land speculation. CMCH is believed to have made a few successful excursions into this field, but much remains to be done.

Hope Deferred

A Federal-Provincial Conference so auspiciously planned in the spring and convoked in the autumn could scarcely do other than arouse hopes for a golden harvest of results. When it failed to yield the expected bumper crop, the general reaction among political commentators seemed to be that federal-provincial relations, like our western prairies, is "next year country."

On balance, this view is plainly unwarranted, for the nature and importance of the issues militated against hasty agreements, and the timing of the Conference — more than a year before the present agreements expire — made immediate decisions unnecessary.

Although the large and continuing commitments for defence seriously restricted the scope for bargaining, this was the first such Conference in decades not to be dominated by the fact of war or depression. This Conference, therefore, presented for the first time a view of the most tangible piece of our "machinery of federalism" operating in a normal, peace-time atmosphere. While there was the same sense of urgency, of importance, of participation in the making of history, as in previous Conferences, it was of a different order, born of Canada's new stature and the challenge of great present and potential developments. Not now the demands of war mobilization, but requirements even more complex and more difficult to define, a design within which a nation could grow.

Most of the heads of the participating governments seemed well aware of the new challenge and except for the Premiers of British Columbia and Quebec, stressed the national interest as against that of a particular province. Mr. Bennett, alone, seemed to choose the technique of pressure rather than negotiation. Mr. Duplessis appeared to read his

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old lines from the provincial autonomy script with some misgiving as to their real usefulness in meeting the tasks of the future, as if the exigencies of time had stolen the clapper from the bell he has so often rung.

The major task of this Conference was, of course, to make another attempt to solve what is the central and continuing problem of all federal nations — the equating, as closely as possible, of tax revenue with constitutional responsibilities. In the Canada of 1955 this means achieving agreement on a reasonably satisfactory division of the three primary tax fields of personal income, corporation income, and succession duties, taking into account, on the one hand, the Federal government's permanent commitments for welfare and its seemingly permanent commitments for defence and, on the other, the expanding demands on the provinces and their municipalities.

An integral part of this task is a solution, or at least a partial solution, to the disparity in taxable resources among the various provinces. In view of the frequency of the references that in achieving this task of "equalization" the "have" provinces will be subsidizing the "have not" provinces, it cannot be too strongly maintained that from the viewpoint of national finances this is one undivided nation of Canadians who pay, as individuals and through corporations, certain federal taxes. The geographical location of these taxpayers or their head-offices in one or another another provincial jurisdiction should be of absolutely no consequence. Ottawa does not tax Ontario or B.C. to give to Nova Scotia. Ottawa levies uniform tax rates from coast to coast. If a disproportionate share of these taxes are paid by individuals and corporations located within the geographical boundaries of Ontario or B.C. it in no sense means that the provinces as units contribute these sums to federal revenues or that they should ever be considered as doing so. If our federal system is to have any real meaning, it must be recognized that federal taxes are not collected from provinces but from Canadians.

But it was not only the new approach to the fiscal problem (the now famous Plan "C") that gave grounds for optimism about the eventual achievement of a replacement for the tax agreements that expire in 1957. More significant and more heartening was the functioning of the machinery. No previous Conference was preceded by such effective work by joint preparatory committees of federal and provincial officials. At this Conference the provinces were not presented with formal proposals but were asked to submit their ideas. And provision was made for further joint study, consultation, and negotiation.

All in all, the Conference revealed more effective machinery, a more co-operative approach, and a more constructive attitude to our recurring problems of federal-provincial relations. It was not failure of the Conference as a technique but the nature of the problems that precluded spectacular decisions at the October meeting.

Parties and the Making of Policy

Naïve the man, it seems, who now sees a party convention as a simple matter of delegates and resolutions, replies and votes, reports from the parliamentary leader and matters of annual, common concern. It must be seen, we are told, as a failing federal structure or as an example of worsening oligarchical tendencies or of the leader who owes dual and conflicting loyalties to electorate and to conference. All this is right and penetrating and in the best Ostrogorski-Mackenzie tradition. Occasionally, too, it is a little bloodless.

It is a salutary change, therefore, to look back upon the last annual convention of the British Labor Party as the stage where with guile, comradeship, hot temper and loving

calculation, potential leaders and the eager-to-be-led pirouetted around the dais and the almost empty throne. Morrison, with his foot on the steps, shrewd, vastly experienced but with the marks of age and a kind of *weltschmerz*; Gaitskill, adding conference stature to election prowess to administrative achievement but still only just warm enough for a warm-hearted cause; Bevan still the embodiment of protest but with too hot a hate for a British party to sustain; all these were in attendance. But the throne is not yet empty. If Attlee says he is going, he will go. Of that we can be sure. But this spry, direct but deceptive, gentle statesman will prevent a war of succession if he can.

And yet, in the end, we have to follow the road of the political sociologist. We must observe that the outcome of Labor's defeat has been (i) that a fierce enquiry into the electoral organisation of the party has been held and the results recorded in the Wilson report and (ii) a series of research studies on ten aspects of policy are to be made by the party's own researchers. These may be symptoms of a new lease of life. They might also be signs of a new kind of decay — not of the British Labor party in particular but of western political parties in general. Mackenzie has already shown how both British parties have moved towards one another in power structure and away from their own original chains of command and loyalty. Now administrative reform is to streamline and professionalise the structures still further. The Maxwell Fyfe Report did it for the Conservatives; Wilson's committee is to do it for Labor. Attlee's statement that Labor lost the election because "They did not vote for us" is a simple theorem that is getting lost in the noise of tightening nuts and bolts.

The plan for research, seemingly an antidote to this managerial fetish, may turn out to aid and abet it. The research department of any political party is inevitably circumscribed by the manifesto, the constitution, the latest platform, the firmly-held convictions of its political chiefs. Will new and real reforms come from such a source? Will they not be more likely to come from the outside, uncommitted organs of opinion.

These arguments, if they are true, have a wide relevance. Do they not apply also to West Germany? There the whole fabric of democratic party conflict has been re woven, party manoeuvring is keen and the voter eagerly exercises his right to the free vote. But, by and large, he will not join a party or allow himself to be involved in the party political process. It is too professional for him. In France party strategy is delicately compounded of subtlety and spice but the elaborate electoral devices of the Fourth Republic designed to protect the centre, have made steady mass support for any democratic party too unreal to be practiced. The contexts, British, French and German, are different but in each the effect is the same — the declining significance of party in the wider area of social life.

Last month S. M. Lipset raised two important matters in the Forum's debate on political parties and the formation of opinion; one, we are becoming increasingly apolitical and, two, organs of opinion are consequently becoming more eclectic in their views and policies and that we must be grateful for any journal that is on the side of the angels.

If to these arguments we can add the case set out above, four corollaries seem to me to emerge:

1. The western political party, ceasing to be a party of mass support will concern itself more and more with the mechanism of power.
2. Serious changes in party policy will not come from discussion among the party membership or in party organs.
3. These changes will occur under the pressure of outside argument, from journals and writers of no fixed party

affiliation and, because of our greater understanding of the inter-relationship of the behavioural sciences, from journals and writers not primarily concerned with political change.

4. All this is A Good Thing.

GORDON HAWKINS

Middle East

Amidst the singularly uninspiring performance of the Foreign Ministers in Geneva, a new crisis of the most extreme gravity erupted in the strife-ridden Middle East. Violence, it is true, has been endemic in the relations between Israel and the Arab States. But rarely have the ubiquitous border incidents created the serious possibility of a resurgence of full-scale military operations. Indeed, since the Tripartite Declaration of 1950 the Middle East has been an area of comparative tranquility in the arena of world politics.

The spark which ignited the recent explosion was an ominous arms agreement concluded between Prague and Cairo in the middle of October, the Soviet bloc's belated response to the Baghdad Pact and its attempt to weaken the pro-western forces within the Arab world. Both Israel and the West reacted instantaneously with a vigorous condemnation of this 'commercial transaction' but for entirely different reasons.

To Israel an act which disturbs the precariously-balanced equilibrium of arms poses a dire threat to its very survival. To the policy-makers of Washington and London the Egyptian arms deal raises the spectre of Soviet penetration into an area hitherto under its exclusive influence or, at the very least, the possible strengthening of the forces of neutralism behind the 'northern tier' of alliances concluded during the past nine months.

Israel responded to the challenge with a request for arms to restore the balance, a pre-condition to its survival in a hostile Arab world. That its plea has been in vain thus far is not surprising for the Great Powers are engaged in a rivalry in which Israel is but a pawn on the chessboard. The West continues to be dominated by the strategy of the northern tier while the Soviets are equally determined to offset, if not destroy, a western-created alliance with air bases on its Middle Asian borders. To both, therefore, Arab friendship is regarded as essential and Israel appears to be merely a nuisance.

That Britain is determined to recoup its prestige and power in the Middle East in the face of a challenge from the Soviet bloc—even at the expense of Israel—was made patently clear in Sir Anthony Eden's remarkable offer of 'mediation'. To the pleasure of the Arab and the dismay of the Israelis, the British Prime Minister resurrected the 1947 U.N. Resolutions as a basis for a compromise settlement between Israel and the Arab States *after* which, he declared with magnanimity, Britain would be prepared to offer a formal guarantee of the borders. Surely Sir Anthony has not forgotten that the Arabs waged war against these resolutions and that Britain itself publicly announced its rejection of them in 1947.

It is time that some fundamental truths about the Middle East were stated boldly: 1) it was the Arab states which committed aggression against the infant State of Israel—or is aggression only aggression when the Great Powers so term it? 2) the Arab States have made it clear beyond any shadow of a doubt that their goal is to destroy Israel. Indeed, despite their apparent willingness to consider the British 'mediation offer' they have not even now indicated that they would be prepared to recognize a truncated Israel, let alone that State as it exists to-day; 3) the thesis of the *London Times* and others that the Arab desire for arms is

to enable them to 'negotiate from strength' has been refuted almost daily by Cairo radio which persists in the assertion that the elimination of Israel is necessary to the stability of the Middle East; 4) one of the principal aims of the Tripartite Declaration is the preservation of an arms equilibrium. Yet, Sir Anthony's statement was conspicuously silent on this point. Moreover, this declaration included a guarantee of the existing borders. How, therefore, can he speak of a guarantee *after* territorial concessions by Israel? 5) it is Israel which has made all the conciliatory gestures and offers of concessions in order to stabilize its relations with its neighbours—the offer of facilities in Haifa port to Jordan, the offer of transit facilities through the Negev, the offer of compensation for Arab refugees and repatriation of some of them. The Arab response has been either silence or contempt.

The condition of peace is peace. The Arab States have refused even to negotiate a peace settlement and the Great Powers are abetting them in their obstinacy. It may be remembered at this juncture that one of the few occasions of Great Power agreement, in the United Nations or elsewhere, was with reference to the creation of Israel. If the Geneva spirit is to be more than a passing phase, here is an ideal test of Great Power statesmanship. Perhaps they can turn their attention to a constructive solution to the Israel-Arab dispute bearing in mind that the State of Israel as it exists to-day is a fundamental fact of political life in the Middle East and that by failing to persuade the Arabs to accept this fact they are only exacerbating the tension. By so doing surely their legitimate vital interests can be preserved. Such concerted action would not only transform the Geneva spirit into reality but also create the conditions for stability in the Middle East. But whether or not they do so it is certain that Israel will not stand by idly and commit national suicide.

Canadian Calendar

- Imports rose by 9 per cent to \$372,600,000 in July, pushing the total for the first seven months to a record \$2,582,100,000, an increase of \$190,700,000 over the total for the first seven months of 1954.

- Output of passenger automobiles rose in the first nine months of 1955 to 304,755 from 236,386 in 1954 and was about the 1953 figure of 288,962. Commercial vehicle production rose to 67,485 from 58,264 but was well below the 101,897 of 1953.

- Retail sales rose to \$3,405,300,000 during April, May and June of 1955, 7 per cent above the \$3,153,900,000 in the second quarter of 1954.

- At the opening hearing of the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects in St. John's, Newfoundland on October 18, Premier Smallwood said that a sum totalling a billion and a quarter dollars would have to be spent during the next 25 years if Newfoundland is to catch up with the average Canadian standard of living—this in addition to current expenditures.

- Employment continued at record levels in September with 5,495,000 employed, a reduction of 146,000 from August but 158,000 more than a year ago.

- Premier Campbell of Manitoba predicts that the province will soon be producing and processing all the oil it needs.

- Shipments of passenger cars from Canadian factories increased nearly one-third to 19,331 in August 1955 from 14,533 in August 1954.

- In the election in the Federal riding of Toronto — Spadina on Oct. 24 the Progressive-Conservative candidate, Charles Rea, was elected to succeed David Croll, the Liberal member, who had vacated the seat on being appointed to the senate. The Liberals had held the seat for twenty-five years.
- The Royal Commission on Coastal Trade was told at Midland, Ont. on Oct. 25 that ships for the Canadian coastal trade are being built in the United Kingdom, while local shipyards are idle.
- A direct trade link with Communist China was announced at Vancouver by Marshal Johnson, president of the East West Import Export Co. Ltd. of that city. His company has been appointed agent in Canada for the China National Tea Corporation.
- The Mines and Minerals Department of the Alberta government reports that the Alberta treasury has received \$418,727,085 during the last 9½ years from oil and gas rights. For the 6-month period ending Sept. 30 this year, receipts have been \$52,391,775.
- The United Nations wheat conference at Geneva on Nov. 1 appointed W. C. McNamara of Canada as chairman of a technical committee, one of three set up to speed business.
- On November 1, External Affairs Minister Lester Pearson opened the Canada Dam at Masinjore, India, built from the proceeds of the sale of \$15,000,000 worth of wheat supplied to India by Canada under the Colombo Plan. The dam is located in the West Bengal hills, about 160 miles from Calcutta.
- Dr. Sigmund Samuel of Toronto announces plans to double the size of the Canadiana Gallery of the Royal Ontario Museum. The work will be completed in two years.
- Canada House in New York, projected by Consul-General Ray Lawson in May 1954, will be a 27-story building at the southwest corner of Fifth Ave. and 45th St. It is scheduled to be completed by April 1957.
- There were 3,641,000 motor vehicles in Canada in 1954, about one for every four Canadians. Only ten years before there were eight people for every vehicle. Canadians on the average spend about 30 per cent of their income on their automobile.
- The overall surplus of the Federal Government for the first six months of the 1955-56 fiscal year was reduced to \$50,-990,000 from \$63,421,000 a year ago.
- Canada's Colombo Plan contribution likely will rise by some \$5,000,000 next year to more than \$31,000,000, and this will include a portion of costs to help India build her first major atomic reactor.
- Premier Duplessis has rejected possible Quebec participation in a national health insurance scheme.
- The amount of money owing by Canadian consumers on the things they bought on time rose to a record \$2,098,-000,000 at the end of the first half of 1955.
- Nine Saskatchewan oil wells became new producers during the week ending Oct. 15. As of Oct. 15 a total of 1,524 oil wells and 124 gas wells were capable of being operated in the province.



- Television sales in September, at 119,724 sets, were a record high for any month. Set sales in the first three-quarters of 1955, at 464,344 sets, were at a record high for that period of any year.
- A vast new mineral exploration concession has been offered the Henry J. Kaiser interests of California in the area east and south of James Bay, it was learned in Quebec on Nov. 2. (Premier Duplessis later denied the truth of this report.)
- 250 Canadians reported incomes of \$100,000 or more in 1953. Ten per cent of all taxpayers had \$10,000 or more; 26 per cent were making \$5000 a year or better. One-third of all Canadians earned less than \$3,100 a year.
- Evidence that Toronto has taken away the business and financial leadership once held by Montreal is seen in the tax-collection statistics. In personal income tax, corporation, tax and succession-duties, the Toronto district produces more revenue (27 per cent of the total) collected from these three sources than any other part of the country.
- Dr. Healey Willan, dean of Canadian composers, has been awarded a Lambeth doctorate of music by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher.
- Demands for between \$90,000,000 and \$100,000,000 a year in higher wages and fringe benefits were placed before Canadian railways on Nov. 3 by unions representing about 150,000 non-operating employees.
- Hugues Lapointe, it was announced on Nov. 3 will hold the portfolio of Postmaster-General in the cabinet as well as that of Veteran's Affairs.
- Higher prices for fuel, shelter and medical and dental care in September offset lower costs of other goods to boost over-all living costs for the fourth consecutive month. The consumer price index edged upward one-tenth of a point to 116.9 from 116.8 to the highest level since August 1954.
- The first guaranteed annual wage negotiated in Canada has been granted 5000 Ontario employees of the farm implement chain of Massey-Harris-Ferguson Ltd.
- A 600-mile east-coast link-up of the Mid-Canada and Pinetree radar lines is being planned. The chain would run from the vicinity of Cape Race up the east coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador to roughly the 55th parallel.
- There will be nearly 100 stations, the majority manned by only two men, in the mid-Canada radar warning line. The 3000-mile line is being built by Canada along the 55th parallel from the Labrador Coast near Hopewell into the Peace River district of Alberta, passing along the south shore of Hudson Bay. It will require 1,200 men to work it.
- 83,877 dwelling units were completed in Canada to the end of September, up 17,589 from the first three-quarters of 1954.
- Ontario won the soy-bean and forage crop seeds awards at the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair in November.
- The Province of Quebec is sending the Theatre du Nouveau Monde of Montreal abroad next summer and the Stratford Shakespearian Festival goes to the Edinburgh Festival.
- Department store sales rose 14.8 per cent in September to \$101,980,000 from \$88,869,000 in the same month last year. Sales for the first nine months of the year were up 7.6 per cent from 1954.
- The Supreme Court of Canada ruled on Nov. 15 that the Saskatchewan's Moratorium Act of 1952 is unconstitutional because it infringes on Parliament's jurisdiction over bankruptcy and insolvency.
- Money advanced on mortgage loans for new homes in Canada reached a new high of \$670,000,000 last year, up 30 per cent over the 1953 figure.
- Canada's imports in August totalled \$429,830,000, a record for that month. Imports for the first eight months of the year totalled \$3,011,900,000 compared with \$2,726,600,000 for the same period last year. For the eight months, Canada had an unfavorable trade-balance of \$203,900,000, compared with \$198,800,000 last year.
- All nine participating provinces accepted on Nov. 15 a proposal whereby the Federal Government will increase its construction grants to the Trans-Canada Highway by some \$15,000,000 a year between now and 1961, though they felt this amount was inadequate.
- Ruins of an old fort built by Pierre La Moyné, Sieur d'Iberville, have been found some 18 miles from LaSarre in Abitibi. Historians say the fort was built in June, 1686, on d'Iberville's first trip to Hudson Bay.
- Canada's uranium output will reach \$180,000,000 annually by 1958, making it the third among the minerals produced in this country, according to President W. J. Bennett of Atomic Energy of Canada, Ltd.
- The business and financial picture in Alberta was bright one during the first nine months of 1955 according to a quarterly statement by the Industries and Labor Department in Edmonton.
- Immigration to Canada for the first nine months of 1955 declined to 86,607 from 126,853 a year ago.
- On Nov. 18 Governor-General Massey presented at a function in the National Gallery at Ottawa the Massey Medals for Architecture. The Gold Medal plus three Silver Medals went to Vancouver architects. Toronto got five Silver Medals and Peterborough one Silver Medal.
- The Canadian and U.S. dollars were quoted at equal value in mid-October for the first time since 1952.

THE RAPE OF THE FOURTH ESTATE (Continued from front page)

was left to figure out for himself how the additional price paid for the nine-tenths of our newsprint production which is exported would ultimately be extracted from his pocket.

The press seemed agreed that the situation justified measures so drastic that they would hesitate to advocate them for a lesser peril. After the first announcement of a price rise Mr. Castonguay stated that if other companies followed suit "the question of a possible combine might arise," and several newspapers used their columns to inform the newsprint industry and the government about our combines legislation. They also took the occasion to bring to public attention the fact that pulpwood comes from trees, an exhaustible natural resource. The remedy was clearly outlined by the *Windsor Star*; "The pulp and paper industry . . . is virtually asking Provincial Governments to step in and make it pay a reasonable price for the timber concessions it receives. These governments certainly should do so. Predatory private interests shouldn't have priority over public interests." The *Ottawa Journal* took the lead in suggesting that the Canadian

Government appoint a board with powers similar to the Board of Transport Commissioners to "keep the price of newsprint within reasonable bounds."

In opposing the price increase our courageous press is suggesting to Canadians a new national policy of self-abnegation, although they have not spelled it out in detail. The value of the newsprint exported from Canada last year was over 600 million dollars, our most valuable export. The addition to our export earnings of five dollars per ton should, when translated into bottles of Scotch whiskey, give pause to the least mathematical of newspaper editors. We will believe that they have accepted the full implications of this policy when they oppose with equal vigor any increase in the market price of wheat . . . but that's silly. Who ever heard of feeding grain to a Hoe press?

P. J. G.

The Lion at the Coliseum

Arnold Rockman

► WE WANDERED IN with the rest of the crowd and wondered where to sit. The Coliseum, its floor covered with fresh sawdust, stretched before us, transformed. Behind the railed-in rostrum, guarded on the right hand by a Hammond organ, on the left hand by a piano, stood a platform with chairs, presumably for distinguished visitors. The tiers of seats behind the platform were beginning to fill up with neat lines of young men and women in white and navy blue.

A young usher with a rosette in his lapel showed us to some seats behind the Mothers and Babies section. He beckoned to another young man who held a sheaf of pamphlets in his hand. "Would you like a song book? If you don't want to keep it you can give it to one of the ushers at the end of the meeting and he will refund you your money." We bought a song book, only twenty-five cents and quite tastefully printed. The decor was simple but pleasing. Long strips of silk, blue and yellow, red and green, hung from the ceiling. The hall was rapidly filling up. No one seemed to want to sit at the back although they could have heard quite easily — there were microphones and loudspeakers all over the place.

It was not only the arena that had undergone a general transformation. Around the passageways and corridors were tables stacked with books and pamphlets. Rosetted initiates were busily handing them out to other initiates who were just as busily stacking them under their arms. In another room a group of people, young and old, male and female, smartly dressed and not so smartly dressed, were being exhorted by someone to do something or other. All wore badges proclaiming them to be *counsellors*. I passed a door labelled *nursery*. I looked in and saw efficient-looking nurses awaiting their charges. Outside, in the corridors, St. John Ambulance men ambled to and fro. I went back to my seat by way of the twenty-foot aisle separating the front row of ticket holders from the rostrum. I had a close look at the rostrum. A massive structure standing upon it had a lectern attached, a microphone and an array of colored lights and buttons. Mystified, I went back to my seat.

At seven o'clock organ music quietly filled the auditorium, contributing a Radio City Music Hall atmosphere, heightened by the row upon row of smartly uniformed men and women seated behind the distinguished visitors' platform. The music of jazzy hymns complete with glissandos competed with the chatter of the audience. By half past seven the Coliseum was about three-quarters full (the back section was

still empty) and the chatter began to die down. We all waited expectantly for the show to begin.

At seven thirty-two a spotlight fell on the conductor, the twelve hundred voice choir rose, the organ and piano pealed and the air was filled with the sound of a hymn, a kind of choral march: *This Is My Story, This Is My Song*. The conductor exhorted us to join in the chorus and we obediently complied. Three minutes later the conductor faced the audience and, in a voice that sounded like soap flakes, pleaded with us to do better than that in the next song, *Revive Us Again*. He divided us into male and female chorus and we revived. "I'm the glory," sang the women. "Hallelujah," sang the men. "I'm the glory," sang the women . . . "Revive us again!"

The conductor told us about community singing during the Crusade in Great Britain. Apparently TV viewers were able to see a chorus of men in Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, answering a chorus of women in Swansea. One of the hymns they sang, he informed us, was that great Welsh hymn, *Cwm Rhondda*. "Let's sing it now. Perhaps we'd better stand up for it."

After *Cwm Rhondda* we heard a reading from the gospel and a prayer, and then a soloist sang a hymn in the style of the Victorian drawing-room ballad *Trees*. The Hammond organ let itself go full tremolo while the soloist sang full vibrato.

After the solo, a short stocky man read us a partial list of delegations to the meeting. "Will the General Printers Limited please stand?" he asked. It was an unfortunate choice since only three men stood up and he didn't notice them. "I'm sure you must be here somewhere," he said, perhaps a little plaintively.

Dr. Frank Phillips, who was introduced as the leader of two crusades, told us how Jesus Christ was his personal saviour. Announcements followed.

"Would the full-time ministers here tonight please stand? Dr. Graham will lead a workshop on evangelism at the Royal York Hotel on Friday at eight a.m." Another speaker asked us to remember Exodus 36:5,6 and 7 in which the Israelites brought much more than enough for the work of the sanctuary. Would we contribute to the expenses of running the crusade in Toronto? We could get a receipt for income tax reduction if we wished. "Just raise your hand if you want a receipt." With a pot-pourri of sacred music, the Hammond organ and the piano discreetly masked the sound of coins dropping into boxes.

The restiveness of the audience seemed to be increasing, to judge from the amount of coughing during the announcements and the succeeding solo hymns. One question seemed to be forming itself in the air above our heads: "Where is the Great Man?" We had to wait until we had sung a two-part hymn (men singing and women answering): *The Wonderful Grace of Jesus*. We had to wait until we had heard a businessman turned crusader sing "a song (which) spoke to (his) heart," *I'd Rather Have Jesus Than Anything This World Offers Today*.

At eight fifteen precisely Dr. Graham strode onto the rostrum with determination in his gait and said, "I don't want to hear any whispering because it disturbs those who have come to hear God's word. All eyes closed. Shall we pray? . . . O God, show us how to find peace, happiness, joy and contentment . . . Open your hearts and let Christ come in, whether you understand or not," and he opened his arms wide towards us and then clasped his hands over his chest showing us where Christ would come in.

"If you're a Christian it's your duty to be here every night. The whole Christian world's eyes are on us here in Toronto." They were all praying for us, he said. In Europe: France,

Germany, Holland, Great Britain. In Asia: India, China, Siam. "In London, at Wembley Stadium, one of the biggest stadiums in the world, the great stood in the rain and the cold and the mud for hours to give their lives to Christ. They stood there and it was so silent you could hear a pin drop," and here Dr. Graham lowered his voice and hunched up his body. "Come! Come to Christ, I said," and he flung out his arms wide, "and they came."

He plunged straight into his text. "Now the word of the Lord came unto Jonah the son of Amitai, saying, Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me. But Jonah rose up to flee from the presence of the Lord and went down to Joppa; and he found a ship going to Tarshish . . ." and then Dr. Graham compared all modern great cities with Nineveh. "Hi, God, glad to see ya", says the average man, and then he goes about his business. We haven't got time for God." We were told that God holds us more responsible for ignoring Him than he does China or Russia. "They haven't had our opportunities," said Dr. Graham, but he didn't specify what opportunities he meant.

"Tonight I'm going to talk about three things: the cause of sin, the course of sin, and the consequences of sin. The Bible says that . . .". The phrase 'The Bible says' which he used frequently was emphasized by punching his right hand into his left for each word.

"We don't have time to help our neighbors, to think of the starving millions in India or of the Arabs in their concentration camps. The Bible tells us that sin began before Adam" and he told us about the pride, selfishness and greed of Lucifer and his subsequent fall. "God's greatest gift to man was the ability to choose. Man is not a piece of machinery," and he told us the joke about the mother who read a book on child psychology and found the book very useful . . . for spanking her child. There was a mild outburst of laughter at this.

Now Dr. Graham, having eased the tension, began to build it up again. He turned his athletic profile to the audience and walked around his rostrum with the Bible folded in his arms against his chest, reminding me of Sir Laurence Olivier playing Hamlet, "O, you may carry a Bible and be as pious as you wish. But you are not a Christian until you surrender intellect, emotion and will to God" and at this point he crouched down close to the ground. Then he said, crescendo, "You are not a Christian until you say, 'I will love Him, I will serve Him, I will obey Him!'"

We were told to remember Jonah down in the belly of the whale. Dr. Graham hunched himself up small and marched around his rostrum. Then he gradually straightened until he seemed to rise off the ground. "With Jesus you go up, up, up, up. But when you sin," and here he began marching around again, but this time getting smaller and smaller, "you go down, down, down, down. Sin ahoy for Jonah! . . . A man wanted to repent of his sins and went up to Jesus and then he saw the cross. 'Sorry, Jesus', said the man. 'You've got to excuse me, I didn't know there was a cross. I thought You were going on a picnic!'"

Dr. Graham continued on his theme of sin. "There is pleasure in sin. Make no mistake about it. The Bible says there is. But — that — is — the — road — to hell!" He shielded his eyes from an imaginary sun and stared searchingly into the distance. "Sin will find you out." His face lit up as he pointed to someone in the front row.

He told us a story about a snake which a man neglected to kill and that snake killed the man's son. "That snake is your secret lusts. Everyone has a little serpent, a little secret lust inside him." And here Dr. Graham clutched the little lust to his bosom and paced across the rostrum. "You're playin' with it, you're toyin' with it, you're fondlin' it. Sin

is eating at your soul tonight." And now the climax was upon us.

"Come. No sin you ever committed will ever be revealed here". His voice rose, he drew himself up to his full height, arms flung wide. "Two thousand years ago there was a man on a cross. He said, 'My God, My God' and then it was finished. He is here tonight." Dr. Graham stepped down from his rostrum and tugged at the railing. "It is not enough to say I believe. I believe in this platform." He stepped up onto his rostrum and jumped up and down. "You have to step up on it and trust your life to it."

The curtain was about to fall. It was two minutes past nine. "I'm going to ask you to come forward and stand quietly. I know it's a long way from down there. Yes, it is. But Jesus had a longer way. I don't want to make it easy. It's no bed of roses. You have to give up your sins. Come," he said, quietly. "Come up here and stand quietly".

A few people stirred in their seats. "Right now, all over the building there's a little voice inside everyone telling you to come." A few people started hesitantly from their seats. Ushers signalled to the nearest counsellors according to a prearranged system of signals. "Eyes closed, let us pray. Come right now," he commanded firmly. "Hundreds should be here." The Hammond organ began playing soothing music in the background. "You've thought it over. Come. Right now." About fifty people, each with a counsellor of his or her own sex and approximate age, began the long walk to the foot of the rostrum. "Come bend your will to the will of God. Get up out of your seat and give your life to Jesus." Outside a train clattered by.

After the hundred or so penitents had stood quietly with their counsellors for a few minutes he asked them to go out by the door on his right. He would address them in a few minutes.

"What you have seen tonight," he told the rest of us, "is only a beginning if you will only pray for us. I am deeply grateful to the press, radio and TV for whetting people's curiosity" — and, he might have added, for having taught him his technique. "Come tomorrow night and bring your friends. Everybody says it can't happen here but it can happen here and will. Don't forget Morning Devotions at 8.15 over CBL," and Dr. Graham strode briskly out of the auditorium toward the door on his right.

The curtain had fallen, but there was an epilogue. We all stood and sang our theme song, *This is My Story* and an Anglican clergyman blessed us. As we filed out of the auditorium the twelve hundred voice choir continued to sing *This Is My Story* and the ushers handed us BILLY GRAHAM CRUSADE stickers for our car bumpers.

The show was over for us at nine thirty. I thought about the long prologue to the Toronto Crusade: the weeks of orientation courses for the counsellors, the B-rations (Bible rations) containing selected verses from the Bible guaranteed to fit any question a "seeker" might ask; the IR (Instruction in Righteousness) Pack that anyone could have for the asking; the teams of psychiatrists and Salvation Army workers waiting in the Coliseum after the meeting to handle anyone who, mistakenly, thought his problem was only a religious one.

I have been thinking also, in the last few weeks, about another epilogue. I was told that the follow up is quick, that counsellors are expected to call their "inquirer" over the telephone within forty eight hours, reminding him of his commitment. A minister of a church selected by the "inquirer" is then supposed to get into touch with him.

Apparently all this has gone according to plan in Toronto. Many new groups, attached to various churches, have sprung up and all are looking for "peace, happiness, joy and contentment." Will they find it?

Divide or Conquer?

Anna M. Cienciala

► FOR THE PAST two years, no European problem has received as much attention as the problem of German reunification. It is misleading, perhaps, to call it a "European" problem — it is, in fact, a world problem geographically set in Europe. It is one of world's sore spots, on a par with Korea, Formosa, Indochina and the Middle East, where any move might alter the balance for peace or war.

After defeating Nazi Germany and agreeing to Soviet domination over Eastern Europe — which included half of Germany — the Western Powers proceeded to rebuild war-shattered Western Europe, including in this, heavy investment in West German industry. Originally, no doubt, this investment toward the rebuilding of a bitter enemy, was calculated with a memory of the ridiculously impractical and furiously resented war-reparations imposed on Germany by the victorious powers after World War I. As the climate of relations with the USSR worsened, however, and came to a minor climax in the Berlin Blockade, the importance of West Germany increased and its potentialities as an element in the cold war expanded. Very recently, steered by the firm hand of Konrad Adenauer and the growing fears of the Western Powers, West Germany has attained the status of a sovereign nation — a step which was the necessary preliminary of its entrance into NATO.

There has been, and there still is, one vital snag in estimating West Germany's potential contribution to the Western alliance. Germany is split into two halves — the Communist East German Republic and the Federal Republic of Bonn. The West Germans, quite naturally, put the unity of their country first and evidence little enthusiasm for rearmanent and active participation in the West European Defence organization. The problem of German reunification, however, presents two inter-connected aspects which are seldom seen in the right perspective by those who simply assume that German reunification is a "must" and will therefore automatically take place in the near future. These aspects are: the reunification of the East and West German republics into one sovereign Germany, and the question of the 1945 frontiers with Poland and Czechoslovakia — frontiers which many Germans still refuse to recognize as final.

The Western Powers and the USSR have been unable to agree on the subject of German reunification because, for obvious reasons, both want a reunited Germany as part of their respective alliances and political systems. A free and democratic Germany would border on the largest Soviet "satellite" with the largest "satellite" army, that is, Poland, and on the most highly industrialized "satellite" after East Germany, which is Czechoslovakia. This, considering that both countries belong to the Western Slavonic group and have had close contact with Western Europe in the past, would be tantamount to putting a fuse to the powder-keg. It would create an impossible situation for the unpopular regimes of these two nations which would be forced to protest their popularity while denying the free elections which will have changed radically the political system of neighboring Germany. Politically, Soviet agreement to free elections in East Germany would mean a voluntary undermining of their domination in Eastern Europe. That is why the Soviet Union can never honestly agree to them.

On the other hand, economically, Soviet dependence on East Germany is enormous. Only recently, the Royal Institute of International Affairs published an estimate of Soviet trade relations with the "satellite block." From East

Germany alone, the USSR imports industrial goods to the tune of \$800,000,000 more than from all the other "satellites" combined. A good part of these high precision and other mechanical goods, find their way to Communist China, North Korea and Communist Indochina. All of these highly valued imports are acquired by the USSR at much lower prices than if they were bought from the West. Moreover, the Soviet Union directly owns, and controls, East Germany's important uranium mines. In view of these political and economic factors, it is not surprising that on November 8 this year, Mr. Molotov finally let the long-suffering cat out of the bag and said: A reunited Germany? — Yes, but a Communist one.

The Germans are very distressed with this turn of affairs and it is nothing new to hear muted rumblings about a possible separate agreement between West Germany and the USSR — if it would only lead to reunification. Soviet Russia has indeed played her cards skilfully: by renewing diplomatic relations with Bonn, and quickly following this, by recognizing the "sovereignty" of the East German republic. Those who believe in the possibility of a separate German-Soviet agreement close their eyes to the present situation in which Germany is no equal contracting party, no military partner for the Soviet Union, but a strategic pawn. It is natural that many Germans like to think of Bonn as a possible successor to the time-dishonoured tradition of German-Russian alliance, but the fact is that 1955 is not 1939.

The conviction that a rearmend West Germany in NATO would indefinitely postpone reunification with East Germany and increase Polish and Czech fears of frontier revisions, has lead to Socialist, Protestant and Catholic — higher clergy — opposition to the program of Chancellor Adenauer. The Soviet Union is playing on those hopes and fears, but this does not mean that it is ready to lose, by a deal with West Germany, what it cannot afford to lose by an agreement with the Western Powers. The Soviet solution of the German problem is to make East Germany play the role of a Trojan horse and so capture Bonn foreign policy as well as its economy. This is the motive behind Soviet propositions for the creation of an all-German Council composed of the representatives of East and West German parliaments. Anyone who sees in this the possibility of an agreement between a sovereign Germany and the USSR is suffering from severe delusions.

Another facet of German reunification is the question of Germany's Eastern frontiers, commonly referred to as the "Oder-Neisse Line". Much is being made in West Germany, and sometimes abroad, of the supposedly "disputed" character of the 1945 frontiers in the East. It is well known that there is a strong revisionist sentiment in West Germany on this subject, sedulously fostered by the leaders of the "refugee" groups and their organizations as also by scholars academic institutions and career politicians who cannot afford to miss a chance of making capital out of the question. It is surprising, however, to see some foreign correspondents writing on this matter in the same vein as the most extreme German protagonists of revisionism.

Those who advocate the revision of Germany's Eastern frontiers as a possible bait for the possible alliance of a potentially powerful—and potentially reunited—Germany, are unmindful of the realities of 1955. It is now ten years since the Red armies pursued Hitler into the heart of Berlin and with their customary mammoth sweep, ruthlessly moved the frontiers of several East European countries Westward. Much is made of the supposed fact that the Oder-Neisse frontiers were "Moscow-made" and have never been "recognized" by the Allies. Those who make these statements

seem not to have read — or noticed — Churchill's clear and forthright description in his history of the Second World War, of how he himself initiated the discussion of frontier changes at Teheran and proposed that Poland should move Westward "like soldiers taking two steps left close." That this did not prevent him from piously protesting at Yalta against the deportation of the Germans, is not proof that the changes were "Moscow-made". The Western Powers, moreover, gave de facto recognition to the new frontiers by their tacit agreement to the mass deportations of Germans from the former Eastern territories of the Reich. The ruthless frontier changes were cruel and unjust to the Germans — but no more cruel and unjust than their invasion of Poland and Czechoslovakia and far more merciful than their ruthless policy of extermination towards these peoples.

However, even if one disregards history, the evidence of the present is enough to convince any sober observer of the unrealistic character of German revisionism. First of all, it is significant that even in West Germany it is connected with the disparaging label of the "Taurogen Complex", that is, the principle of German-Russian alliance at the expense of other countries, originating from the name of a Prussian-Russian convention of 1812. Moreover, by no means all Germans are agreed on the inevitability of revisionism — though most of them feel it is patriotic to do so. Further, of the two Slav countries which have had their frontiers moved Westwards, Poland is militarily the stronger as well as the larger, and Czechoslovakia is the most highly industrialized of the whole "satellite block", with the exclusion of East Germany. Revisionism would, therefore, place these highly rebellious peoples who resent the Soviet-Communist domination, entirely on the side of the USSR in any possible world conflict.

Revisionism of Germany's Eastern frontiers, the Oder-Neisse and Sudeten lines, would, in practice, have to involve the forced, mass deportation of over 10,000,000 people. It is doubtful logic to decry the inhumanity of 1945 and then suggest a repetition of the same as a remedy. The mechanized mass movement of populations has in Eastern and Central Europe affected what 200 years of inept and clumsy foreign domination had been unable to do — it has radically altered the whole demographic aspect of this part of the world. Considering all the factors it seems folly and not "realpolitik" to listen to those elderly German politicians who wish to cash in on the last chance they can see of realizing their perimanted dreams. The various aspects of German reunification are extremely complex and the prospect of reunification itself seems rather distant. However much one can sympathize with the Germans in their cruel predicament, the experience of the last few years has shown that freedom and sovereignty of nations are not attainable in agreements with the Soviet Union — and that the chances of a lasting peace are not based on the barter of innocent peoples in return for the possible military aid of ambiguous allies.

Growing Up Into History

George Bennett

► THE AVERAGE ENGLISHMAN knows least of that period of history covered by the years of his own childhood: not for him the up-to-the minute text-books of North America, if he studies history at school or University. The

tradition of keeping Government archives closed for approximately fifty years after the date of the record makes it impossible — so many academics believe — to write such history, and recent world wars have provided convenient breaks. At Oxford today "the modern history" school stops at 1914, making an exception only for constitutional history with special reference to the Commonwealth. Hence it was not until I came to teach at Toronto that I embarked on what is in Oxford semi-contemptuously called "recent history." Would that Mr. Mowat's recently published, excellent and well-documented *Britain between the Wars, 1918-1940* (Methuen) had existed as a guide!

In his preface Mowat acknowledges that "any work of this kind is bound to be, in some sort and however unwittingly, autobiographical," and so tells us that until 1934 the first 23 years of his life were spent in England, while since then he has been in the United States where he now teaches in the University of Chicago. English reviewers have noticed the occasional strange trans-Atlantic judgments; having suffered the same sea-change myself I am less conscious of them. I cannot read the book without being aware that I am ten years younger than Mr. Mowat: while my perspective of the 1930's sometimes differs I find that he explains points which before I only dimly glimpsed. However my questions do not alter his general picture.

In Toronto I was asked by a student after a lecture on the General Strike of 1926 whether Churchill had, indeed acted as I had described — I had dethroned a god! Clearly I was expected to have a personal voucher for the facts so I had to assure my young friend that this was my earliest political memory: I recall a bus journey, watching bemused the amateur conductor tear off a piece from the bottom of the ticket because the strikers had removed the bell-punches. Greater political consciousness came with the 1929 and 1931 elections in which my sister's dolls and my toy soldiers had votes. Of course in lower middle-class London surroundings I was a Conservative. I see vividly my father assuring a worried small boy one Sunday afternoon as we watched a Trades Union procession marching to Hyde Park: "Of course there are many more of us."

But a discovery of the other half of Britain remained for the future. This was still a country of two nations. It was possible to live in London and many other southern towns right through the depression without seeing anything seriously amiss. Mowat's unemployment figures illustrate this point well. If my school debating society was always mentioning unemployment the discussion was arid and the master in charge of the proceedings could give academic Liberal answers. In politics and economics we went to school with John Stuart Mill.

Then there was the Headmaster, who publicly objected to the London County Council under Herbert Morrison insisting that Empire Day should be celebrated under the new-fangled name of "Commonwealth." Britain was still a powerful nation — this was marked when the school assembled to hear by radio George V open the World Economic Conference of 1933. It was an ill-fated meeting for "economic nationalism and militarism were increasing their sway." If 1933 was the real change from the secure world of the 'twenties for one London schoolboy the entry of Labor to power at County Hall a year later was more significant than Hitler's coming in Germany.

Mowat brings out well how the British refused to believe what was happening there. My recollections of a sense of "reasonableness" about Hitler's claims against Versailles, a refusal to believe that any man could desire or plan war are well explained; "Hitler's offers seemed more important than his act." We were a generation of idealists, refusing

to believe in the evil of the world, and nurtured in the false belief that "war settles nothing". Christians and humanists alike held shallow and superficial notions of the nature of man.

More terrifying until well into the 'thirties was the threat of internal disruption. The historical problem of why nineteenth century Britain did not have a revolution must be continued after 1900. Mowat brings out well the air of potential violence in the strikes of the 'twenties, although perhaps he does not give a sufficient weight to Baldwin's invaluable Walpolian ability in holding these passions in check — he stresses rather Baldwin's failures, of which there were many. Perhaps this is because Mowat writes from Labor's viewpoint and does not allow enough for Baldwin's difficulty with the wild men of the Conservatives: the press barons (Rothermere with his support of Mosley's Fascism), his own Government at the time of the General Strike, and not least Churchill.

There are two important characters who only attained power with the second World War, suspicion of whom was deep-rooted and this is not fully explained. Churchill was not only "a warmonger" and anti-Trades Unionist to Labor, but the Conservatives had not forgotten his political tergiversations and deeply mistrusted his financial ideas because of his budgets and his revaluation of the pound. Cripps was suspect as an intellectual in his own party, while outside he was regarded by the middle-class as Bevan is today: had he not attacked the monarchy and insisted on the necessity of a revolution before Labor could come to power?

Perhaps it was the sensitivity of youth but I recall the fascinated attraction which the *New Leader* held for me. As the I.L.P.'s weekly, its violence of expression fulfilled my needs for a horror comic. There is nothing in British journalism like it today, the *Daily Worker* being so eminently respectable that it can now be quoted to back a case in the *Oxford Magazine*, the semi-official don's journal.

However we must not make too much of the change between Britain then and now. Mowat makes the stimulating point that the first World War changed little in the social aspect, the 'twenties were a continuation of the pre-war world, not a break from it. So, too, the facts here displayed show that the foundations of the 'fifties were being laid in the 'thirties. "By 1936 between five and six million people" were weekly filling in football coupons, the first Butlin's holiday camp was opened in 1937, and television under the B.B.C. made its debut before the war. This was the period when ballet-mania took root, and audiences started flocking to classical music. Already mass amusements were welding the two nations together and providing the cultural background for the coming welfare state. Labour's postwar political solutions have precedents. Mowat acknowledges the Conservatives' work in housing, and points to their pragmatic nationalisation: London Transport in 1933, Airways, and the B.B.C. as a public corporation.

Mowat attacks "the myth of the hungry 'thirties." They were not so for the majority of the population. While I would not wish to return to them they were an advance on the 'twenties. The mind of youth was stirring and proved ready for the crisis of 1940. Perhaps it was a more stimulating time in which to grow up than in the cynical comfortable days of the 'fifties.

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Film Review

► FROM TIME TO TIME an odd film will appear which impresses one critic but not another. This is usually due to a question of taste, one man's wine being another's vinegar. Recently I have enjoyed two movies which were modestly received by my colleagues and while they held me enthralled, I freely admit they may appear to many as *vin ordinaire*.

The Kentuckian, Burt Lancaster's initial attempt at directing, is one of these. The original script is by A. B. Guthrie Jr., the Pulitzer prize-winning author of *The Big Sky* and *The Way West*, strong novels of American westward expansion in the nineteenth century. Guthrie's major interest is in the eternal personal and cultural conflict between the hunter and the pastoralist, in this case the restless who ventured into the unknown territories as scouts, woodsmen and explorers, and the pioneer settlers who followed. His particular flair is for vivid reality of detail and an active recreation of the flavor of the period.

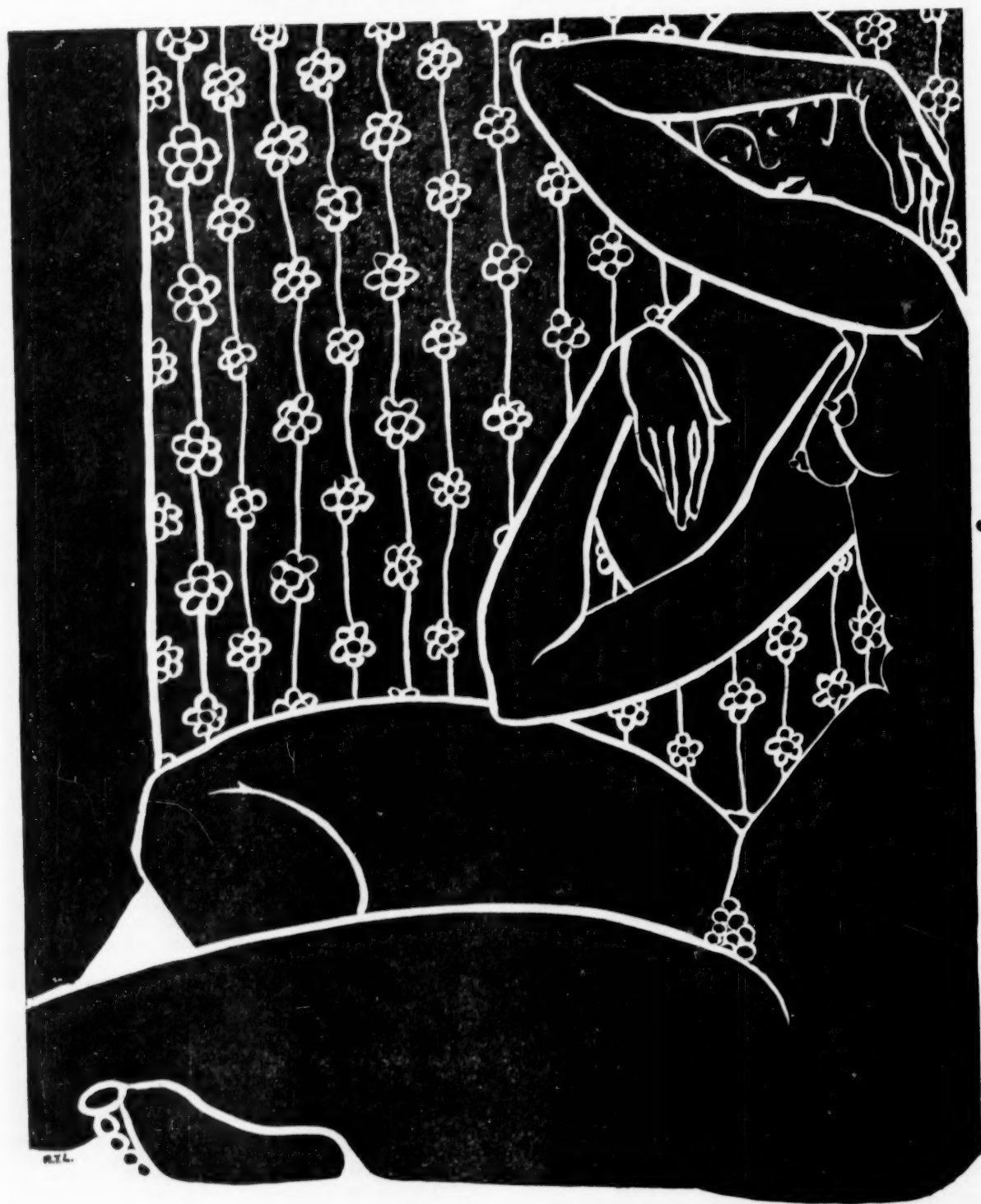
The story of *The Kentuckian* is closer in feeling to *The Big Sky*, filmed as a Kirk Douglas vehicle several years ago, and one suspects that Guthrie's sympathies lie more with the seekers than with the homesteaders. In Lancaster, an advocate of individualism and outdoor life, he has found a kindred soul — Lancaster's future plans include committing *The Way West* to the screen.

Simplicity of plot in *The Kentuckian* may not attract those who enjoy deep psychological complexities and involved intrigue but for me the movie has the poetic charm of a fable and might well have begun "Once upon a time when there were heroes in our land . . ." Eli Wakefield, an honest untutored man from the Kentucky hills, is on his way to the free expanses of Texas with his son, dog, and hunting horn. He buys a bond slave's freedom and then stops in the little town of Humility in order to recoup his finances. His brother, a tobacco merchant, wishes to settle him down, marry him to the local school mistress, and take him into partnership. Unhappy in the circumscribed life of the town Eli inevitably rejects the teacher (convincingly done by Diana Lynn) for the bond slave and decides to "live it bold" and be "a Texas man."

Many implications of previous Lancaster films are present: sympathy for the underdog, belief in the corruption of money, simple excitement in action, and a naive idealism and moral earnestness. On the other hand *The Kentuckian* lacks many of the puzzling contradictions in his former movies, irony of a bitter kind, a degree of sadism in outbursts of violence (particularly distasteful in *Vera Cruz*), and a highly ambivalent attitude towards women. But while the females here are approached more candidly and gallantly, the love affairs hardly come to life at all.

This film has the rare quality of sincerity, perhaps because it is an attempt at a personal statement. It is fumblingly realized, however, as the subject is not under control. The artless man-to-man charm of the movie is enhanced by the evocation of rustic virtues and the beauties of nature and virgin forest. Eli and his son lying on a heap of autumn leaves intently communing with the mystery of a fall night, the winding call of horn to hound, manners and customs of pioneer life, a steamboat coming up river sparkling with excitement and the lure of Texas far away, and rich dialogue in archaic vernacular — all these are leisurely depicted and spread across the Cinemascope screen like illustrations in a story book.

A sea tale is the other movie I found especially entertaining this month. Since it held the audience in rapt attention, *Passage Home* will probably receive popular support despite its light dismissal by some critics. Its plot is also extremely



STUDY—RICHARD T. LAMBERT

simple but the direction is more taut and sure, the resultant tension terrific. The director, Roy Baker, recently did *Don't Bother to Knock* in Hollywood. This seems strange but on reflection one detects a common interest: the warped personality of an individual, from which the suspense arises. That he can direct either Marilyn Monroe or a dynamic actor like Peter Finch is testimony to Mr. Baker's talents. The sea is more likely his forte than Marilyn Monroe, as his previous film *Morning Departure* will corroborate.

The story of *Passage Home* concerns the effect of an attractive girl passenger on the crew of a merchant ship making its long way from South America to England in the greyest days of the depression. Ruth is the catalyst who precipitates into open conflict the long subdued grievances on board which centre around the captain. Climax follows climax in this tense sea picture which never relaxes its pace.

Two Australians dominate the excellent acting, Peter Finch and Diane Cilento. Finch is altogether admirable and fascinating in his portrait of Ryland, the lonely complex master-seaman. He is one of the most interesting new actors in British films; his other parts have been various, including the criminal in *Father Brown Detective* and the planter in *Elephant Walk*, a characterization which proved to be the only high spot in that wreck of a movie. Diane Cilento is a genteel baroque blonde beauty, lushly rounded and yet straight of bearing, with large luminous eyes. She is now appearing opposite Michael Redgrave as Helen of Troy in *Tiger at the Gates*, a part quite different in conception from that of Ruth. Anthony Steel has top billing as Vosper, the second mate, with whom the girl falls in love, but insufferable as the captain is, it is difficult to see what charms Vosper has other than those of proximity. The minor parts are excellent as well. The seamen all ring true and the slimy steward is so objectionable he will provide any audience with the opportunity to have a really good hate.

The atmosphere of life at sea is caught with great realism and little gloss. It stands to be compared with Ford's much-lauded *The Long Voyage Home* and unconsciously is more convincing. Some elements — grey-white morning light at sea, bunk-room talk, and a smashing storm — recapture much of that film's poetry. There is also integrity in the lack of pretense in personal relations peculiar to confined living. Such men have little time for refinements, but much for honesty.

JOAN FOX.

Coups d'Etat in South America

Robert J. Alexander

►THE TWO largest South American countries, Brazil and Argentina are in the grip of serious political crises. In the former, the continuation of constitutional government is the issue, while the return to a civilian, democratic and constitutional regime is at issue in Argentina. In both countries, serious economic and social problems lie behind the political difficulties.

Brazil's problem centres around the presidential election held last October. Four candidates participated in the contest: Jocelino Kubitschek, backed by the so-called Social Democratic Party and with Joao Goulart of the late Getulio's Vargas Labor Party as his vice presidential running mate; Ademar de Barros of the so-called Social Progressive Party; General Juarez Tavora, backed by the Socialist, Christian Democratic and National Democratic Union parties; and Plinio Salgado, one-time leader of the Brazilian Fascists.

Messrs. Kubitschek and de Barros are both "Getulistas," that is, they were outstanding figures in the regime of the

late dictator, Getulio Vargas. Kubitschek was Governor of the state of Minas Gerais and Goulart, his running mate, was one of Vargas' last Ministers of Labor, and in that position made a bid to out-demagogue his mentor. De Barros was appointed Governor of the State of Sao Paulo during Vargas' dictatorship, and in 1948 was elected Governor of that State. He became very wealthy in the process of his political career and has spent large amounts of money during the last decade in his attempt to become President of Brazil. In 1950 he stepped aside in a deal with Vargas, whereby a member of his Social Progressive Party, Joao Cafe Filho was nominated for Vice President. Cafe Filho succeeded to the presidency when Vargas committed suicide in August 1954.

General Juarez Tavora was first nominated by the left-wing Socialist Party (a genuine Socialist Party, though peculiarly plagued by opportunism, which makes it wobble back and forth between the Vargasites and the Communists), and the Christian Party. He started his campaign on a radical platform, calling for the restoration of administrative honesty (a serious issue in Brazil), an agrarian reform, and other measures. As a lesser evil, he was finally chosen by the middle-class National Democratic Union, but this party did not give Tavora the financial support which was necessary for a nation-wide campaign.

In addition to the civilian support which Tavora received — which was sufficient to win him second place, but not to capture the presidency — Tavora had the backing, at least passively, of most of the high-ranking officers of the armed forces. After Tavora's defeat, important military elements were in favor of a coup to prevent the coming to power of Kubitschek and Goulart. They were egged on by some civilians, notably Carlos de Lacerda, publisher of the powerful newspaper "Tribuna da Imprensa" of Rio de Janeiro.

After some hesitancy, those elements of the Army who were opposed to "breaking the constitutional rhythm" pulled a coup of their own, or as they describe it, an "anti-coup coup." After seizing power from Acting President Carlos Luz, who had moved up from Presidency of the Chamber of Deputies when President Joao Cafe Filho had a heart attack, military men turned the government over to the man next in line to succeed, according to the Constitution, Senate President Nereu Ramos. The Army thus reasserted its traditional role as protector of the Constitution. Kubitschek and Goulart will thus be able to take office; whether they will serve out their constitutional term will depend largely on how they behave once they come to power.

Brazil is plagued by a difficult economic situation. Although industry has expanded rapidly in recent years, agriculture has lagged behind, and the whole country has been dogged by a galloping inflation, which no government has been able to deal with adequately in recent years. Fundamental structural changes — particularly in the landholding pattern — are needed in order to deal with this situation. Time alone will tell whether Kubitschek will come to grips with these problems.

In Argentina, the current crisis has its roots in the late Peron dictatorship. Two elements joined to overthrow President Peron — the democratic political parties, in alliance with the Navy and some Army elements; and reactionary, pro-fascist Nationalist civilians, allied with other Army factions. Both of these elements were represented in the cabinet of Provisional President Eduardo Lonardi, but in the beginning Lonardi gave indications of siding with the democratic element.

However, the power of the reactionary elements in the Lonardi regime grew. It is difficult to say why this occurred, though some observers credit it to the influence of Lonardi's brother-in-law. Whatever the cause, Lonardi finally dis-

missed Dr. Eduardo Busso, the principal representative of the democratic element, from his post as Minister of the Interior and Justice. The ministry was split into two, and Nationalists were given both posts.

As a result of this move, all of the members but one of the Consultative Assembly set up by the Lonardi regime — and composed of members of all political parties except the Communists and Peronistas—presented their resignation. At the same time the military and naval elements allied with the democratic politicians presented an ultimatum to Lonardi, demanding that he reorganize his cabinet on the basis of the democratic forces. When Lonardi refused, the military executed a coup, deposed Lonardi and put Major General Aramburu in his place.

The Aramburu regime was faced immediately with a general strike by the still Peronista-controlled General Confederation of Labor. However, this strike failed—the railroad workers, maritime workers, public utility employees, and white collar workers utterly refusing to obey the C.G. their loyalty to the Peronista leadership, accompanied by their loyalty to the Peronista leadership, accompanied by T.'s strike call. Only the packinghouse workers demonstrated considerable elements among the factory workers. However, the failure of the strike meant the collapse, for the time being at least of the principal base of Peronista political influence.

Whether the Aramburu regime will be able to pave the way for a really progressive, democratic regime in Argentina will depend very much on its success in handling the country's economic problems. Peron had seriously undermined the nation's agriculture, reduced the country's foreign exchange earnings, and left the economy in serious straits. Foreign help will in all likelihood be necessary if the Aramburu regime is to be able to successfully confront these problems, maintain political stability and put in motion the machinery for a return to democratic, civilian government.

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Christmas Records

► BY THE TIME Christmas comes we're likely to be fed to the teeth with "Silent Night" and "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." If you like Christmas carols but would prefer to hear some that haven't had all their charm squeezed out by ad infinitum repetitions, you might try some of the less hackneyed recordings.

Among the better items put out by the major record companies (and hence widely available) are two Victor records by the Robert Shaw Chorale: "Christmas Hymns and Carols." Of the twenty-five songs in Volume I (LM 1112), about half are well known, but Volume II (LM 1711) has an interesting variety of carols drawn from many countries.

Another excellent Victor disc is "Cantiques de Noel" sung by Raoul Jobin with the Disciples of Massenet (LM 7014), which presents eight popular French-Canadian Christmas songs.

From Vanguard comes "Christmas Carols of the Nations" sung by Roland Hayes (VRS 7016). It contains some exquisite and practically unknown songs, and while age has taken the fine edge of Mr. Hayes' magnificent voice, his sensitive interpretation makes this set well worth having.

Another item from Vanguard that might appeal to you is "A Music Box of Christmas Carols" (VRS 428). It alternates carols by the Welch Chorale with recordings of 150-year-old music boxes from the famed Bornand collection.

Decca offers two records in a popular-folk vein: "We Wish You a Merry Christmas" by the Weavers (DL 5373), and "Christmas Day in the Morning" by Burl Ives (DL 5428). Both avoid the over-worked numbers and give an interesting variety of English and American songs.

For more unusual English carols you might try "English Medieval Carols and Christmas Music" by the Primavera Singers of the New York Pro Musica Antiqua (Esoteric ES 521). These go back to the early days when carols were associated with dancing and had clearly defined forms designed for part singing. The recording is excellent, and the final number, "Nova, Nova", calls forth excited "Bravos!" from musicians.

For European songs you might look at the two volumes of "Christmas with the Trapp Family Singers" (Decca DL 9553 and 9689), with carols largely from central Europe. From Germany comes "Christmas Songs" by the Obenkirchen Children's Choir" (Angel ANG 65031), in which the "Happy Wanderers" display their versatility in English, French, Italian, and Spanish as well as German. For pre-revolutionary Russian carols you could try "Christmas Music and Carols" by the Don Cossacks (Concert Hall CHS 1191).

If you want to wander still further off the beaten track, try "Christmas Songs of Spain" and "Christmas Songs of Portugal", put out by Folkways (FP 836 and 845). Both were recorded during Christmas festivities in those countries last year by Laura Boulton, a renowned collector of folk music.

If on the other hand you prefer composed to folk music, you would probably enjoy Britten's "A Ceremony of Carols", which places ancient English texts in a modern setting. It is available on London with the Copenhagen Boys' Choir conducted by the composer (LD 9102) and on Victor with the Robert Shaw Chorale (LM 1088). EDITH FOWKE

Correspondence

The Editor:

In the November issue of the *Canadian Forum* Paul Fox has wisely shown that the "Liberal Party is not as firmly fixed in power as many imagine" and that its long period in office could be interrupted by an unfavorable shift in votes far short of a landslide. (The *Forum* proofreader's subconscious Liberal sympathies must have been responsible for the reference to a shift of 15 to 20,000 votes. Some shift!)

The analysis of the place of the Liberal Party in Canadian politics, however, as presented by Mr. Fox, contains a number of generalizations which, while frequently repeated by students of our party system, seem to me to be highly

questionable. Without wishing to be dogmatic on the issue I should like to suggest that it is high time Canadian students of politics examined a number of their most favorite assumptions with a view of either defining them more precisely or perhaps altogether tossing them out of their kit of tools.

Mr. Fox states, for example, that "Canadians are by nature and development incurably middle class, and the federal Liberal Party has become the symbol to them of themselves . . . the middle class in this country is nearly all-embracing." This argument has been used time and time again in the past to explain Liberal victories, but it seems to me to be of doubtful validity. In the first place, if practically all Canadians are members of the middle class, or at least think of themselves as so being, the term middle class ceases to mean very much and had better be dropped. If it be true that we have a one class or perhaps a classless society, then social stratification on class lines ceases to be important and it will not affect voting behavior. Secondly, if we are all members of the middle class and the Liberal Party is its political exponent ("the Tories . . . smack of big business . . .") how is it that there is always a substantial number of anti-Liberal voters? Mr. Fox himself points out that "in only one election out of five in these twenty years have the Liberals polled more than 50 per cent of the national vote." Were more than half the voters members of the middle class deliberately supporting parties whose policies they do not identify with their class interests, or—horrors—are half the Canadian voters people who do not form part of the middle class? Investigation of some of these problems in at least one Ontario constituency suggests that in it, at any rate, hardly anyone identifies the Conservative party with big business. Results in the recent Ontario elections strongly support this view.

In implying that moderation, caution, being careful, taking it easy and avoiding excessive zeal are characteristics typical of Canadians Mr. Fox seems to give currency to a belief which, though widespread, does not seem to be borne out by the facts. One need only look at the number and causes of traffic accidents, the incidence of violent crimes, the behavior of Canadian sports crowds or some overseas troops to realize that generalizations about Canadian national traits are as dangerous and as dubious as generalizations about any national character. More seriously misleading, however, is the following. "Canadian politics are abominably dull because no one ever says anything provocative or does anything startling." This is to my mind a mere myth. Granted that "dullness" is as difficult to define as "middle class," it is nevertheless possible to disagree with this hoary criticism of Canadian politics. I suspect this complaint to be voiced most frequently by students of politics who are particularly interested in British government. The reason for this perhaps lies in their being accustomed to a unitary state; they tend to judge Canadian politics exclusively by reference to what goes on at the federal level. When federal and provincial politics are taken into account the charge of dullness loses much of its weight.

The emergence of the Social Credit Party in B.C., the rift between the B.C. Conservatives and the National leadership of the party, the CCF experiment in Saskatchewan, Mr. Duplessis' always fascinating tactics, the late Mr. Dempsey's defiance of Mr. Frost in Ontario, the resignation of Mr. Thatcher from the CCF, the Conservatives' effective opposition to some of the original clauses of the Defense Production Act, the continuous attempt by French speaking Canadians to resist the inroads of an alien environment and a central and centralizing government are only a few examples picked at random showing how much of interest there is in Canadian politics if one only cares to look. Indeed

it can be argued that the most important issue in Canadian politics, namely the question of centralization or regionalism, as expressed in the continuous financial and jurisdictional wrangle between the Dominion and the provinces, is being settled largely outside the party system, consequently escaping the notice of those applying British standards to Canadian politics.

Mr. Fox's analysis of the prospects of the Liberal Party seem to me, as I suggested at the beginning, on the whole correct. But an explanation of its past successes, relying unduly on such bearded reasons as Canadians all being utterly bourgeois or dull, is not only inadequate but also dangerous. For it throws us off the scent, leading us away from the real and as yet largely neglected causes of Liberal longevity. But that, as Herr Baron von Munchausen used to say, is another story.

John Meisel.

The Editor:

I see my good friend Frank Scott is threatening to cut you off without a shilling because you are departing, in his opinion, from the strict CCF party line. Now I, too, as you know, have been one of your supporters over the years, at a humble professorial rate, and you will rejoice to learn that I do not intend to follow Mr. Scott's example. Of course I have never identified myself with a political party, as has Mr. Scott, and I can therefore take a more detached view of the situation than he probably can. I shall not follow his example because I believe it is much more important to have a detached organ of debate and discussion in this country, one on a decent intellectual level, than it is to have a party organ. It would be nice if parties could have their intellectual organs, but in a backwoods country such as ours, that is a luxury impossible of attainment. If we manage to keep one general journal going for the intellectuals, we shall do well.

Of course I would not be happy to see the *Forum* turn into a mere reactionary sheet, but there is little danger of that. I would suggest to Mr. Scott that in contrast, he ought to examine his own position. I frankly admire his vigorous mind and his ability for putting an issue into clear-cut, precise terms, but I find it hard to understand how with his gifts, he can seriously believe — and perhaps he does not believe—that Utopia lies just across the bridge of some doctrinaire formula. I would think your reprinted editorial comes closer to reality than that: getting up to the top of the mountain means slow patient climbing, especially when no one is agreed on what is the top.

I may be becoming a mere old tory myself in my old age, but I must confess such contacts as I have with the machinery of the state in Canada do not induce me to wish for more of the same. Read our laws—no, you can't do that, they are unreadable. Wrestle with a government department—that's like trying to get hold of a ghost. Let us frankly admit it; we are a country on a very low cultural level, one that as our people embrace more and more eagerly the concept of equality, is steadily getting lower. How on that basis are we going to find the wisdom and the broad general training necessary for managing a large scattered community's affairs from a centre and in more and more concentrated form, I do not know. But I'm stubborn enough to believe that I can still run my own show better than others can run it for me.

A. R. Lower, Kingston, Ont.

The Editor:

Though I do not think it generally fruitful to engage in disputes with poetry reviewers, particularly about one's own poetry, I have been emboldened by the recent correspondence on Dudek's poems to make some general, as well as particular, comments.

First, I am disturbed by Mr. Wilson's apparently haphazard approach to criticism. Eliseo Vivas, in discussing the function of criticism, said; "... it is the poem as poem that is the portal through which the reader must enter ... if literature is to perform its ... function, to give us knowledge of the complex aesthetic and moral structures which give substance to the world of immediacy in which we live."

Poem as poem is the operative phrase here. It is not through the portal of the critic's pulse rate, the elevation or depression of his blood pressure as he reads the poems, or even according to the amount of "disgusted rejection" or "passionate acceptance" which they arouse in him, that the reader must enter. Emotional reactions are not objectively measurable, and even if they were, they would tell more about the critic than the poem.

My quarrel with Mr. Wilson is that he does not bring to my book, or indeed to any of the books that he considers in that same October review — even the first task of the critic, which is a willingness to read the work with attention, and with a critically informed background. That he does not seem to have informed himself of the tradition out of which my poems spring, is a further irresponsibility. I will hand him one key by saying that they are based in a tradition much wider than the personal, and older than myself.

That he does not seem able to imagine the intention of the poems from the text, is a further limitation — since that imaginative projection comprises one of the critic's chief services to both audience and poet.

Mr. Wilson writes of my poems that "the sentiment often threatens to cloy the reader," and further, "the poems never sparkle or blaze ... their music is muted and sweet — their mood tender and nostalgic ...". That may well be; no critic is obliged to like the poetry he reviews; he is obliged to criticize it however, and he has no right to proclaim any judgments without appropriate textual illustration. He takes to himself the further unwarranted freedom of dividing my poems into those of Love, Children, and Everyday Life — which is a departure from the headings in the text. That he left out poems of Work, I can only think of as being significant.

Further in the review he writes, "such a release, whether remembered or anticipated, whether personal or social, is evoked, not possessed." This is an interesting comment, but it means nothing without example.

I will cavil but briefly at Mr. Wilson's neglect of the social values that I declare in my poems, his failure to grasp the themes that occupy me, and his seizing on the symbols of those themes as upon actual themes. If he thinks that I am concerned with happiness and its limitations, let him go back to such poems as *You and Me*, *Night in October*, *Worlds*, *Childless*, *Charity*, and *Journey to the Clinic*.

I have faults as a poet, but sentimentality and a lack of brains are decidedly not among them.

Miriam Waddington, Montreal, P.Q.

Milton Wilson writes:

I have also been told by another poet that I misunderstand *The Second Silence*, and I am beginning to believe it. In any case, I thank Mrs. Waddington for sending to the *Forum* a more satisfactory discussion of her own volume than I was able to provide.

On the other hand, I think that she may have misunderstood me. I wrote:

"Even the city streets which stand in the foreground of the third section provoke no disgusted rejection or passionate acceptance, but a gentle pity and a sensitive awareness." I then quoted to illustrate my point. In her comment on my

statement, Mrs. Waddington has been misled by an earlier reference to "the reader", and supposes that I am here describing my own reactions to her poems and not the reactions which exist within them. In fact, I was concerning myself with the poem as poem.

I am also sorry that she takes my negative comments (like "they never sparkle or blaze") as condemnation. I mentioned certain qualities which she lacks, not to condemn her for their absence or to suggest that she was "brainless and sentimental," but simply to set in relief the positive qualities which she has, and which I admire. These qualities are virtues, as I supposed. I may have misdescribed Mrs. Waddington's poems, as she suggests, but I was certainly not rejecting them. When she quotes me as saying, "the sentiment often threatens to cloy the reader," she neglects to add my further comment that the threat is not fulfilled.

Books Reviewed

BERGSONIAN PHILOSOPHY AND THOMISM: Jacques Maritain; translated by Mabelle L. Andison, in collaboration with J. Gordon Andison; Philosophical Library, pp. 383; \$6.00 (U.S.A.).

This volume is composed of a translation of the second edition of M. Maritain's first book, *La philosophie Bergsonienne*, and two essays on Bergsonian philosophy reprinted with practically no alterations from *Ransoming the Time*. The author has permitted the publication of the volume on the grounds that the early work is "probably a fair-to-middling account of basic Thomistic philosophy, and first and foremost, that despite its deficiencies it still has historical interest for those who are concerned with the movement of ideas at the beginning of this century" (p.5).

Those who are looking for an account of basic Thomistic philosophy would be well-advised to look elsewhere: the treatment here is fragmentary and unsystematic. It is rather from the standpoint of the history of ideas that the book is interesting and useful. Maritain presents the philosophy of Bergson against the background of the scientific positivism which permeated the intellectual life of Europe in the latter half of the nineteenth century. The idealistic tradition had passed from system to system, and finally proclaimed its total helplessness, leaving positive science alone as the apparent possessor of the rules of truth (pp. 65f, 120). Bergson rightly rebelled against this philosophy of mechanism, but unfortunately began by granting its conclusion: that the intellect itself tends towards mechanism and that metaphysical knowledge is only a mirage (pp. 287ff). But for the sake of his persevering search for a "philosophy of life and the spirit" (p. 288), he proposed a method he thought capable of dealing with realms of experience broader and less distinct than those with which the rationalistic and atomistic pseudo-empiricism of post-Cartesian philosophy had been able to cope. His formulation of the theory of intuition stood, then, as an alternative to the arid rationalism with which he supposed intellectual abstraction to be inextricably allied, and his criticism of the intellect and concept led him to the abolition of the proper value of abstraction, and the destruction of "all speculative certitude gained by strictly rational means" (p.43). So it was, Maritain argues, that Bergson deprived himself of the "indispensable organ" (intellect) and the "indispensable technique" (intellectual abstraction) of metaphysics, and henceforth could "only gropingly advance towards the light which he loved, of which he had the presentiment, but which he did not see" (pp. 287f). Because of his complete rejection of analysis, he was led to assert "the aseity of pure change" (p.43), and was led, in spite of his protests, to pantheism

(p.12). For this reason, too, the whole Bergsonian system was condemned to a characteristic (although secondary and involuntary) irrationalism (p.312).

Throughout the volume, Maritain presents the Bergsonian doctrine in regard to such points as intuition and duration, God, man, and freedom, testing the adequacy of Bergson's doctrine by contrasting it with that of St. Thomas Aquinas. It is only towards the end, when he discusses "Bergsonism of Fact and Bergsonism of Intention", that the two systems really meet. Maritain wisely does not pretend that there is any reconciliation of the two doctrines, but he does show quite effectively that the *inclination* of Bergson's thought is clearly towards the traditional philosophy of being, from which Bergson was, however, precluded by his initial acceptance of the positivistic theory of the nature and function of the human intellect. As Maritain points out (p.49), Bergson's system might have been very different had he gone into the problem of knowledge for its own sake, especially if he had, like the phenomenologists, rediscovered intentional being. Maritain does not discuss this fundamental epistemological problem adequately, which is unfortunate, because it is precisely in terms of the starting point of the system (rather than in terms of its inevitable consequences) that the most effective philosophical criticism could be made. From Maritain's presentation as it stands, one is left with the impression that the choice between Bergsonism and Thomism is made on religious rather than philosophical grounds (cf. pp. 16f, 295ff); an impression which he would apparently not wish to leave (cf. p.5).

As a Thomistic criticism of Bergson, the volume leaves much to be desired; yet one must remember that the main body of it was first published in 1913, and it is not quite fair to criticize it on the basis of problems and solutions which have become much clearer since that time. As it stands, it does provide an interesting account of the movement of ideas in the early part of this century, by a man who had remarkably clear insight into what was going on. The Preface to the second edition (1929), also included in this volume, gives a fascinating picture of Maritain's own intellectual history, and his attitude towards philosophy, together with a defence of his criticism of Bergson.

From a literary standpoint, the book lacks attractiveness, as Maritain acknowledges (p.15); but not only because of the method of criticism. The English translation is often over-elaborate in its language; and the reader cannot but wish that some uniform system of notation had been adopted for references and footnotes.

Robert Crouse

SEX IN CHRISTIANITY AND PSYCHOANALYSIS:
William Graham Cole; Oxford University Press; pp. 329; \$4.00.

This is an extraordinarily interesting book. It is as well a good book in at least two senses of the word "good." It is well written, and the moral good it envisages is firm and persuasively defended. I suppose no one could write a book on sex except with some passion for it is a highly charged emotional subject. Mr. Cole's book is exceptional in this respect only in the degree to which he manages to be reasonable. When he writes of such contemporary institutional opinion as he considers to be reactionary, or positively a menace to human happiness, his writing falls below his own standard in the essay on, for instance, Augustine. I did think that the sentence: "Sex (Victorian) was squashed, smothered and sat upon," might have been deleted, if not by the author, by the "Doris" to whom the book is dedicated.

For the most part, however, there is a relatively cool appraisal of the documents in Christian history in which specific attention is paid to the subject. The pronouncements of Jesus and Paul, of Augustine and Aquinas, of Luther and

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Calvin, of contemporary Catholicism and contemporary Protestantism are discussed with some detachment and a good deal of sympathy, though from a point of view. Readers prepared to blame Christianity for unnecessary Puritanism in sex codes may be surprised to find that it was the post-Aristotelian Greeks and not the Hebrews who saw the body as a vile thing, "a tomb from which the immortal soul must be released." Oriental mystery cults had a more direct and profound effect upon late Hellenistic thought than upon Judaism. These were in outlook, ascetic, withdrawn, salvation-centred, Stoic even in their Epicureanism. The bifurcation of soul and body was accepted with many reservations in early Christianity, the pressures to omit the doctrines of creation and incarnation being branded as heresies, while the Johannine "Word made flesh" finally triumphed. This was a victory for Hebrew "naturalism," which through nomadic history had obeyed the commands of God to be fruitful and multiply, for the perpetuation of the race. If then, in sex, Christianity has tended to emphasize degradation, the blame must be placed squarely at the door of its Greek forbears. Even the fall may not be interpreted as mainly erotic. The sin was disobedience to God; it was pride and rebellion. The Christian documents examined for their references to sex provide much more — a history of philosophy, of theology and of psychology. From this point of view the discussion is informative.

On the subject itself there is a frankness and modern candor that will please some and offend others. The function of sex in total personality, its complicated role in marriage, as well as the question of divorce are discussed with sensitivity. The psychoanalytic sections on Freud, and some post Freudians provide clear and sympathetic summaries, though the



"JERRY" (Drawing)—HAROLD FRANCIS

last sentence on Karen Horney makes a gratuitous assumption about her personal emotional life, somewhat marring the author's general enlightened attitude to women. Karen Horney if she were alive, might well retort, "Et tu, brute!"

At the risk of continuing that particular exchange of bricks, I might say that there is one puzzling inadequacy in the book. The psychoanalytic material suggests intimate knowledge of the pattern of psychic life, its development from infant sources, its gradual maturation or arresting, the sexual components at every stage, and the consequent distortions of personality in regression and parent-identifications, where sex is no longer a simple appetite but a hidden and often potentially explosive dynamo. Yet the author at times displays a Kinseyan naiveté, apparently regarding sex as a simple chemical reaction needing only opportunity for free discharge in circumstances which an enlightened society ought to make it easiest to enjoy. On this subject, contemporary Catholicism, for all its reactionary reservations, may be closer to the mark in its acceptance of the tortuous, almost unclarify-able function of sex in a species where a helpless and often hapless infancy is long enough to set the emotional and character structure of the adult. It is this critical fact that makes discussion of the subject open to suspicion. How can anyone know for sure that what he thinks he knows derives from the cone of consciousness, that small tip at the apex of the mind, or from the immense and submerged unconscious below? It is safe to guess that much of the certainties of the church fathers discussed here arose out of ignorance. It may be significant that they are all men, and most of them bachelors!

In spite of some slight limitations this book comes, in a subject bristling with difficulties, close to complete success. The context of church history is scholarly: the analytical material is discerning; the highly charged subject itself is discussed with frankness and dignity. "It goes without saying," says the author, "that the interpretation of sex presented in this volume is illumined by Christian Faith, of Protestant persuasion." The church that permits the interpretation deserves credit too. It is a book to be recommended.

Jessie Macpherson.

SUMMER IMPRESSIONS: Fyodor Dostoevsky; translated by Kyril Fitz Lyon; Illustrated by Philippe Jullian; Copp Clark (John Calder); \$2.00.

THE DEVIL AND FAMILY HAPPINESS: Leo Tolstoy; translated by April Fitz Lyon; Copp Clark (Spearman & Calder); \$2.50.

April and Kyril Fitz Lyon have presented the reading public with three new translations from Russian literature, one of which, Dostoevsky's *Summer Impressions*, is available for the first time in English. For a long time, almost all that was known of Russian literature in Anglo-Saxon countries was due to the monumental but rather heavy translations of Constance Garnett. The renditions of April and Kyril Fitz Lyon are graceful and believable, a quality that is certainly necessary in reading books set in the Russian clime which is so different from our own. Philippe Jullian was well chosen as illustrator for Dostoevsky's book and his wispish, whimsical sketches convey the nostalgic air of nineteenth century Europe.

Fyodor Dostoevsky — credited by some writers with the first novel about an idea — has undoubtedly had the most powerful impact on English-speaking authors. It so happens that his *Summer Impressions* has never before been translated into English and this short work was antecedent to the famous *House of the Dead*, which is generally considered as the beginning of his post-exile literature. The translators have added a short and interesting note on the author by way of an introduction, in which they give the reasons for

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Dostoevsky's hatred for Europe. Some points of additional interest deserve to be added, however. It is not clear from the introduction, for instance, that of all Russian writers — perhaps with the exception of Pushkin — Dostoevsky is the most indebted to Europe in his readings of literature and philosophy; his first literary excursion was a translation of Balzac's *Eugénie Grandet*. After ten years of exile and army service, which he underwent as a punishment for belonging to the semi-revolutionary Petrashevsky circle, we find him going on his first visit to Europe, and of this the *Summer Impressions* were the result. Here we find a complete volte-face from a young man passionately interested in European thought and way of life, to a narrow-minded, chauvinistic Russian who can see no good anywhere except in Russia. It should be noted that this attitude is closely linked with his conviction, arrived at during his long and painful exile, that he had indeed been wicked and wrong in reading Western, i.e., European philosophy, and had deserved all the punishment he got. His nationalistic "ravirement" is very similar to that of Pushkin and some lesser figures. It should be seen in the context of the bitter "Slavophile" versus "Westernist" conflict and in connection with the nationalistic-religious facade of the policies of the imperial regime. *Summer Impressions* are not only the distilled essence of all Dostoevsky's later pronouncements on Europe. What should really be noticed is his lack of understanding as to the temporary character of the second French empire and his disbelief, similar to that of Marx and Russian revolutionaries, of any possibility of progress within the framework of the parliamentary system. In spite of all the proof to the contrary, this attitude is still the official Soviet attitude towards the West — for domestic consumption at least. It is interesting to observe that, for the first time in twenty years, Dostoevsky has been taken off the Soviet index and that a new complete edition of his works is currently in print. One of the reasons for the ban was undoubtedly his Slavophile pronouncement that Socialism and Catholicism were basically the same — a stand that was labelled "reactionary." *The House of the Dead* with its description of the miseries of a forced labor camp, was also too uncomfortable to print. But there is much in Dostoevsky that can be used to good purpose — such as *Summer Impressions* with their derogatory appreciation of all things European.

In *The Devil and Family Happiness*, we find again the two factors which were of such great importance in Tolstoy's life and work — his town and country contrast with its moral implications, and his dilemma in face of the conflict between the dictates of morality and the over-powering temptations of the flesh. Both these strands run very strongly through his books, and though for the last forty years of his life he devoted himself to religious and moral literature, *The Devil*, written as late as 1889, illustrates the intensity with which he felt and fought what he saw as his greatest weakness. *Family Happiness* is another example of Tolstoy's eternal equation: town — loose moral and empty pleasures; country — true love and a full, healthy life. Both of these symbols were crystallized in *Anna Karenina* in which the town beauty is punished for her defiance of society while Kitty and Levin live a happy family life in the seclusion of a country estate. It is deflating Tolstoy, perhaps, to observe that poor, charming, Anna really suffered from the stupid vindictiveness of her first husband to whom she had been married through the machinations of her aunt. It is equally true that poor Masha, the heroine of *Family Happiness*, is made to suffer because she likes society balls. However, we are told that we must not expect too much and that few writers possess an intellect equal to their genius. Whatever we may think of Tolstoy's ethics, his literary production before he succumbed

to them is always a delight to read. So are the translations of April and Kyril Fitz Lyon. *Anna M. Cienciala.*

THE POEMS OF RICHARD CORBETT: Edited by J. A. W. Bennett & H. R. Trevor-Roper; Oxford; pp. 177; \$4.50.

Richard Corbett, who died Bishop of Norwich in 1635, was by no means an ideal churchman. He was neither saintly as a man nor competent as an administrator. Though he toadied his way to the episcopal office, he flourished chiefly in Oxford common rooms, his proper habitat, where his talents as poetaster and buffoon were properly appreciated, and his loyalty to his friends and university was happily recognized. He loved wine, good company, a practical joke and the notice of the great; he hated Puritans.

Hardly distinguished, but high-spirited, witty but superficial — such was the man, such is his verse, now carefully edited out of old editions, fugitive miscellanies and manuscript collections, with an informative and well-balanced introduction, and all those fine qualities of taste and scholarship which almost always distinguish Oxford editions of the English poets.

The editors have done some hard work in winnowing Corbett's own verses from the mass of anonymous squibs, elegies, epitaphs, epigrams, verse epistles, satires, &c., which were tossed off by the young men of court and university in those times. If Oxford and Cambridge were in the Caroline period scarcely nests of nightingales, they were surely nests of jackdaws. Corbett's pieces, and those printed here since often attributed to him, are mostly trifles, fancy or just coarse. But he trifled his way once into elegance, in the famous "Farewell, Rewards and Faeries"; and into the manner (almost of the Restoration in *Iter Boreale*, an agreeable travel-poem in loose couplets.

No use to complain that the convivial bishop was not a greater poet (though *The Distracted Puritane*, written to Tom O' Bedlam's tune, is a worthy forerunner of *Holy Willie's Prayer*); he never came near Lovelace, or even Cowley, but had Suckling written a Duncaid instead of a *Sessions of the Poets*, he would not have been in it. He is a comfortable voluble wit, and good to have on your shelf. Wash him down with port. *Millar MacLure*

ALLEH LULLEH COCKATOO AND OTHER POEMS: Storm De Hirsch; Brigant Press; 255 E. Houston St., N.Y., pp. 47; \$2.00 (U.S.A.).

It's too bad Mr. Storm De Hirsch is not a Canadian. If he were, he would immediately be counted among the twenty or so leading poets of Canada; as it is, we must admit there is nothing much here.

There are many astonishing words, making cartwheels in the air, climbing thin ropes, chinning the bar intensely. There are images that rocket and explode against one another. The object, the honest one, is to capture a certain ecstasy, or to confess an anguish; the less honest one, to prove oneself a poet-acrobat. So many of us do these things, that it's worth looking into.

One of the best poems in the books is this one:

Bid the birds
to pull all nails
from boarded sky
bind me to new beauty
wipe the dust of silence
from my lips
now free to taste unclouded space
and bend to bite of sun
stand with me
like crystal

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